

Good Morning 615

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Woof! Tel. Roy Harding

WE were greeted with a message to his big brother, he furious barking when we couldn't very well miss the knocked at the door of 14, Dale Gardens, Woodford, Essex (Telegraphist Roy Harding), but when Bijou found we were not the dustmen she soon made friends with us, and it wasn't long before we were on the best of terms.

She certainly is a fine dog, isn't she, Roy and we hope you like the photograph of her on to-day's back page.

We were unlucky enough to call on the one day in the year when your brother John couldn't stay away from school. It was the day of the school play, and however much he would have liked to send a

message to his big brother, he couldn't very well miss the play. Jean had gone down to watch the play, and your mother would also have been there had it not been for our visit.

Your father wrote from Holland last week and sent your mother two lovely lipsticks, so she told me.

He said that it is awfully cold where he is, but added the welcome news that he hopes to be home before very long.

Your mother is hoping that you will be able to get home to make it a real family party, and maybe you will all be able to visit some West End shows together.



They Fought for Caroline, their poor injured Queen

NEVER was such an extraordinary funeral procession witnessed in London than when the body of that poor unfortunate, indiscreet, ill-treated woman, Caroline of Brunswick, Queen of England, passed through the streets on the way to Harwich for transhipment to Germany.

The Princess, who had been so badly served and grossly insulted by her husband, King George the Fourth, who had even refused her admittance to his Coronation in Westminster Abbey, had held the affection of the populace, and on that autumn day of 1821 the people crowded the streets to pay her a last homage.

In order to avoid public demonstration, the order had been given that the cortege should skirt the city, travelling by a round-about way through its environs. The knowledge of this final attempt to prevent the neglected Queen from being honoured by her people incited the citizens of London to acts of violence in order to force the procession to pass through some of the principal streets.

When the procession reached Kensington the road was blocked by hastily-formed barricades to prevent it passing into the Uxbridge Road, and after a wait of an hour and a half, it turned tail in the direction of Hyde Park.

Dense crowds kept it from entering the park until soldiers were called to force a passage through one of the gateways. On reaching the other side of the park a furious conflict was fought between the mob and the troops. Huge stones were hurled from the walls and many soldiers were injured. In revenge, the troops fired on the crowd, killing two people and wounding others.

A free passage was given to the procession along Edgware Road, but on coming to Tottenham Court Road, barricades again stopped its progress. It was forced to turn down Drury Lane, and from thence through the Strand into the City.

Every side-street was blocked and the cortege of the Queen had to take the m in thoroughfares for its journey through the rest of London. The will of the people won the day.

The Queen had directed that the inscription "Here lies Caroline of Brunswick, the injured Queen of England" to be placed on her coffin. This was done, but the authorities, no doubt on the order of George the Fourth, removed it in spite of vehement protests.

D. N. K. BAGNALL.

His Family Won £340,000

COME with me to-day and let us visit one of Berkshire's greatest celebrities, a wonder horse whose progeny are still winning races, the sire of Solario, Hyperion, Orwell, Singapore, Bobsleigh and a dozen others.

When Major Booth takes you into the paddock of the Harewood Stud at Newbury, you greet an old horse with a shaggy and greying Shetland-pony coat. "There's been many racehorses, but there's never been more than one Gainsborough," says Nixon, his groom.

You realise that you're looking at a horse that raced as long ago as 1917, sire of a family that has won 474 races and cleared a cool £340,000 in stake-money, certainly one of the grandest veterans in all the Turf's history.

Yet I can remember when Gainsborough came up at the Newmarket yearling sales and people openly scoffed at his looks and his ancestry. Gainsborough's grand-dam had been ingloriously auctioned for charity, and the fact that his sire was Bayardo, St. Leger and Ascot Gold Cup winner, seemed scarcely to matter.

Gainsborough failed to reach the reserve price of 2,000 guineas put upon him by Lady James Douglas, his admiring owner-breeder.

"They're wrong," she told me afterwards. "The expert judges are all wrong. I'd race him myself!"

Yes, the truth is that none of Britain's best bloodstock judges foresaw the great future of Gainsborough when they saw him.

When Gainsborough won his very first race as a two-year-old, it was, of course, a different story. Nearly every

century — and Gainsborough made Lady James the first woman Derby winner.

In fact, he made her a rich woman in winnings alone, but stud fees are always the real reason behind the big L. S. D. of the Turf. At a service fee of 400 guineas, Gainsborough was patronised for over twenty years, and it is estimated that his earnings as a sire exceeded £250,000.

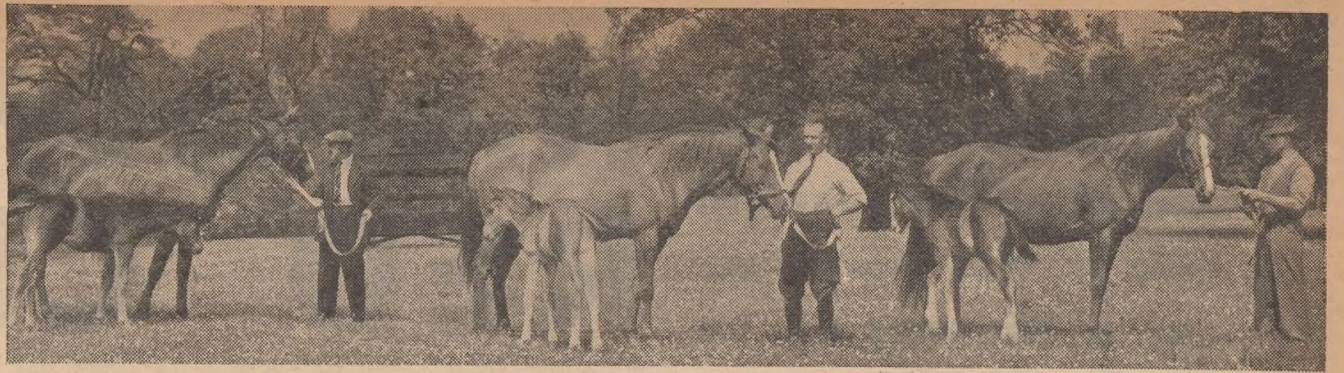
Gainsborough—what a name in horse-racing! Yet he failed to reach the reserve price of 2,000 guineas when put up for sale, records R. A. Kemp in this article on "Secrets of the Stables"

owner in Britain now tried to buy him—and Lady James refused to sell.

The long-legged playful horse responded in the victory year of 1918, when he won the 2,000 Guineas, the Derby, the St. Leger and the Newmarket Gold Cup. Only two other horses have won the Triple Crown of the three great races in the whole of this

Tilly, his last mate, died a year or two ago, but she left a foal which may well be in the limelight this year.

Owen Tudor, Sun Chariot and Dastur are all descended from Gainsborough, and I heard that £100,000 was offered to Lord Derby for Hyperion, Gainsborough's son, not long ago. The offer was refused. Can any horse boast similar



"Farthing Damages," "Helia," and "Lennox Love," with their foals, at the Harewood Stud Farm, near Newbury.

rating in hard cash and calibre?

There is just one other I would like you to meet as proof that racing history may be found in a meadow as well as in a close-guarded stable. This time we'll visit the paddocks at Thorpe Lubenham Hall, Market Harboro, where Brown Jack recently celebrated his 21st birthday.

A big brown gelding with a shaggy, patchy coat, he, too, looks back at great days.

He has been called the greatest long-distance horse in British history.

The 2½ miles Queen Alexandra Stakes at Ascot is the longest flat race in the Calendar, and Brown Jack won it six years in succession.

It grew to be a vast joke, and the bookies shortened the odds drastically year by year. Then the odds lengthened the sixth year because the bookies were certain he couldn't pull it off a sixth time. Well, the result made history. They say that gallant Brown Jack winked at Steve Donoghue, his jockey.

Certainly this horse—for all his win of £23,646 in stake money—had habits that made him different from all other horses. He still sleeps sitting up on his manger.

Once a trainer padded the manger seat, hoping to make him more comfortable. Brown Jack ate his bed that night. And I have seen the old fellow myself literally sitting on the fence at Lubenham, with his haunches well supported.

"Why not?" says his owner, Lady Zia Wernher. "He deserves a rest!"

Yet, when she was first offered Brown Jack for £1,000, she refused. I mentioned to Colonel Sir Harold Wernher that £700 was quite enough to pay for a "Curragh mystery."

By return, Sir Harold wired to Ireland offering £700, and it was a deal. What an investment!

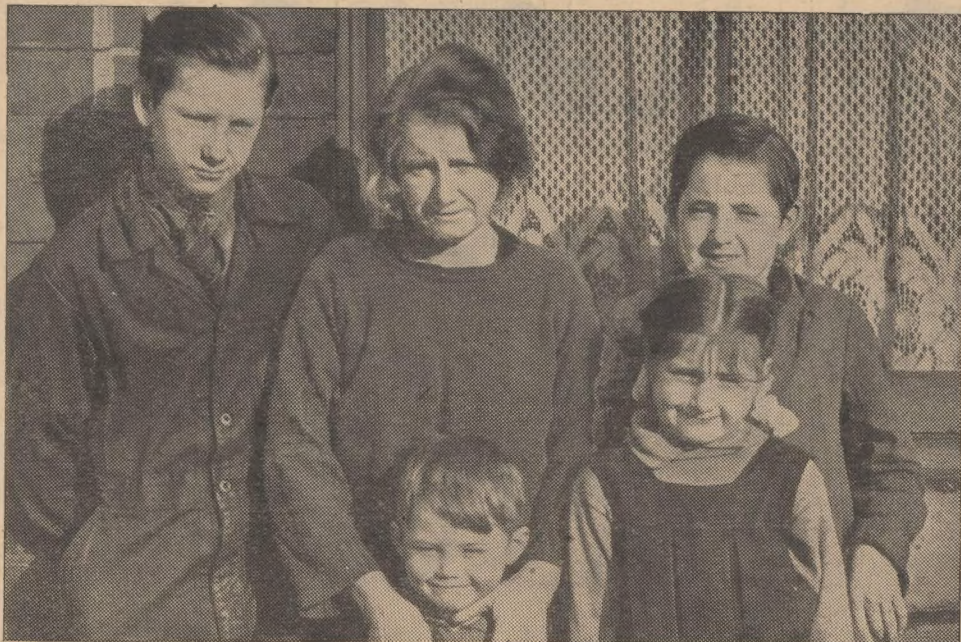
Steven Donoghue rode him in no less than fourteen successes, and even when he was given the unlucky number of 13, he twice defied superstition by winning.

A friend of mine netted £1,200 from him before the bookies got wise. Do you wonder that when he recently heard Jack was short of sugar, he posted off his ration to the old horse?

Backers used to say that money placed on Brown Jack was as safe an investment as war bonds. Coupled with Steve, he made a talisman for the racing crowds.

To-day, however, Brown Jack's glossy coat has gone. Weather permitting, he sleeps in the open. Last year he was groomed and shown at a local agricultural show in aid of the Red Cross.

"Still making money!" said an amused local bookie, when we met in the ring.



It's After Dinner, Sto. Tony Lee

WE arrived at 15 Neill Street, Gorton, Manchester, Stoker Tony Lee, when your mother was getting the dinner ready. She certainly knows how to cook.

After talking to your mother for a short time the children came in, having had their dinner. We then took the picture. Despite all our efforts, we could not get mother or brother Ernie to smile, yet they were so pleased you would see their picture in "Good Morning."

Before one could say "Jack Robinson," Ernie jumped on to his bicycle, brother Bernard ran off to school, whilst your three-

and-a-half-year-old nephew, Anthony, was curiously surveying the camera.

He will soon be going to school, and wants to be a "big strong man" like you, Tony.

Your nephew, Wally, wants you to know that he is going to be a page-boy on the first Monday in May. He is really excited about it, as it will be his first job—and you know what little boys are!

Mother wants brothers John and James and sisters Alice and Margaret to be remembered to you, as they were not at home.

They are all in good health, Tony, and send you their love. Keep "cracking," lad, they say, and good luck to you.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Nature—Red in Tooth and Claw—is Presented in the Person of a Ten-year-old Tornado in this uproarious tale of a Kidnapping by O. HENRY

IT looked like a good thing; but wait till I tell you. We were down South, in Alabama—Bill Driscoll and myself—when this kidnapping idea struck us. It was, as Bill afterwards expressed it, "during a moment of temporary mental apparition"; but we didn't find that out till later.

There was a town down there, as flat as a flannel cake, and called Summit, of course. It contained inhabitants of as undeletious and self-satisfied a class of peasantry as ever clustered around a Maypole.

Bill and me had a joint capital of about six hundred dollars, and we needed just two thousand dollars more to pull off a fraudulent town-dot scheme in Western Illinois with. We talked it over on the front steps of the hotel.

Philoprogenitiveness, says we, is strong in semi-rural communities; therefore, and for other reasons, a kidnapping project ought to do better there than in the radius of newspapers that send reporters out in plain clothes to stir up talk about such things. We knew that Summit couldn't get after us with anything stronger than constables, and, maybe, some lackadaisical bloodhounds and a diatribe or two in the "Weekly Farmers' Budget." So, it looked good.

We selected for our victim

the only child of a prominent citizen named Ebenezer Dorset.

The father was respectable and tight, a mortgage fancier, and a stern, upright collection-plate passer and forecloser. The kid was a boy of ten, with bas-relief freckles, and hair the colour of the cover of the magazine you buy at the newsstand when you want to catch a train. Bill and me figured that Ebenezer would melt down for a ransom of two thousand dollars to a cent. But wait till I tell you.

About two miles from Summit was a little mountain, covered with a dense cedar brake. On the rear elevation of this mountain was a cave. There we stored provisions.

One evening after sundown, we drove in a buggy past old Dorset's house. The kid was in the street, throwing rocks at a kitten on the opposite fence. "Hey, little boy!" says Bill, "would you like to have a bag of candy and a nice ride?"

The boy catches Bill neatly in the eye with a piece of brick.

"That will cost the old man an extra five hundred dollars," says Bill, climbing over the wheel.

That boy put up a fight like a welter-weight cinnamon bear; but at last we got him down in the bottom of the buggy and drove away. We took him up

to the cave, and I hitched the horse in the cedar brake. After dark I drove the buggy to the little village, three miles away, where we had hired it, and walked back to the mountain.

Bill was pasting court-plaster over the scratches and bruises on his features. There was a fire burning behind the big rock at the entrance of the cave, and the boy was watching a pot of boiling coffee, with two buzzard tail-feathers stuck in his red hair. He points a stick at me when I come up, and says:

"Ha! cursed paleface, do you dare to enter the camp of Red Chief, the terror of the plains?"

"He's all right now," says Bill, rolling up his trousers and examining some bruises on his shins. "We're playing Indian. We're making Buffalo Bill's show look like magic-lantern views of Palestine in the town hall. I'm Old Hank, the Trapper, Red Chief's captive, and I'm to be scalped at daybreak. By Geronimo! that kid can kick hard."

Yes, sir, that boy seemed to be having the time of his life. The fun of camping out in a cave had made him forget that he was a captive himself.

He immediately christened me Snake-eye, the Spy, and announced that, when his braves returned from the warpath, I was to be broiled at the stake at the rising of the sun.

Then we had supper; and he filled his mouth full of bacon

and bread and gravy, and began to talk. He made a during-dinner speech something like this:

"I like this fine. I never camped out before; but I had a pet possum once, and I was

nine last birthday. I hate to go to school. Rats ate up sixteen of Jimmy Talbot's aunt's speckled hen's eggs. Are there any real Indians in these woods? I want some more of that grub. Does the trees moving

make the wind blow? We had five guppies. What makes your nose so red, Hank? My father has lots of money. Are the stars hot? I whipped Ed Walker twice, Saturday. I don't like girls. You dassent catch toads unless with a string. Do oxen make any noise? Why are oranges round? Have you got beds to sleep on in this cave? Amos Murray has got six toes. A parrot can talk, but a monkey or a fish can't. How many does it take to make twelve?"

Every few minutes he would remember that he was a pesky redskin, and pick up his stick rifle and tiptoe to the mouth of the cave to rubber for the scouts of the hated paleface.

(Continued on Page 3)

FAMILIAR PHRASES

By JACK MONK



Catching a Trim.

QUIZ for today

1. A halitus is a health salt, vapour, pause, fish, sea-shell?
2. What is the difference between (a) an eyelet, and (b) an eyalet?
3. What is the tallest kind of tree?
4. How many muscles has the human body?
5. Who was paid £10 for discovering Newfoundland?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Clare, Emmanuel, Balliol, Magdalene, Sidney, Sussex, Trinity Hall.

Answers to Quiz in No. 614

1. Plant.
2. (a) Golden thrush, (b) projecting window.
3. Peel of bells.
4. Kind of cattle.
5. Ten.
6. Shelley was never Poet Laureate; others were.

I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



CROSSING the Channel to the music of one of London's most famous dance bands, relayed on loud-speakers through the ship, was recently the pleasant and unexpected experience of passengers making a six weeks' tour of B.L.A. The concert was given in the crew's mess-room.

This present tour revives many memories for Billy Tennent. Memories of Continental tours between 1927 and 1937.

The last time he was in Brussels he played at the Palais des Beaux Arts. On this occasion he and his band have been drawing packed houses to the big Varieties Theatre—and this in spite of the bitter cold.



THERE is an enormous demand for good dance bands in B.L.A., and Billy is depressed that he will not be able to stay longer than the six weeks originally planned, but he has to be back for broadcasting from March 19th.

Billy had a struggle to get permission for service overseas. He first volunteered for the Middle East, but was turned down on his medical.

The same thing happened when he volunteered for service in Europe, but eventually he was able to convince the doctors that his health would stand it.



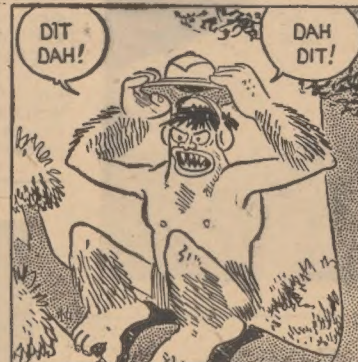
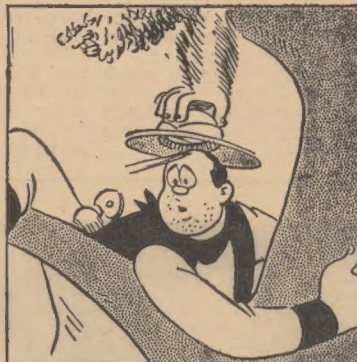
ANOTHER place where R.N.V.R. officers read "Good Morning" is at the King Alfred Club, 52 Pall Mall, S.W.1.

Membership is open to all R.N.V.R. officers, including Dominion officers, who have been mobilised for service in the present war, hold or have held commissions in the R.N.V.R. (and have been confirmed in rank).

The subscription is £1 per annum; bed and breakfast are provided at 5s. 6d., lunch 2s. 6d., and dinner 3s. 6d.

A useful address, I should think.

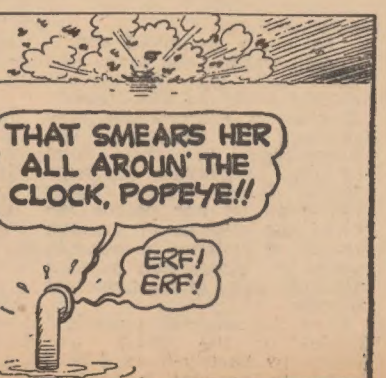
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS

554

1. Behead a jail-bird and get the ordinary sort.
2. In the following proverb, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it?—Ta pho het kate eht lab.
3. What garden pest has EW for the exact middle of its name?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: She left the west end of the promenade and sat down on the ———.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 553

1. S-even.
2. Rich is he that is content.
3. LapWing.
4. Sore, rose.

JANE

The bell clangs out its warning to the allied troops..



HURRAY!—BABY-FACE HAS STOPPED!—HE'S SIGNALLING TO THE TROOPS TO FOLLOW HIM!

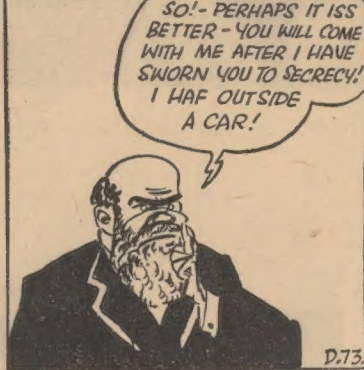
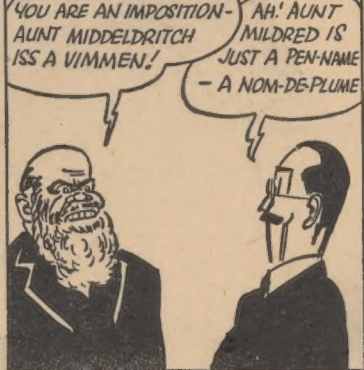
DER TEUFEL!—TREACHERY!—GUARD THE PRISONERS WHILE I SEE WHO IS SOUNDING THE TOCSIN!

D.73.

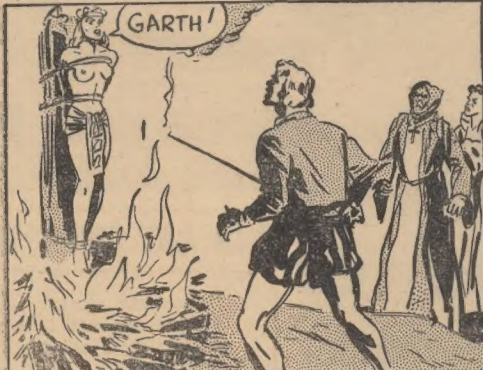


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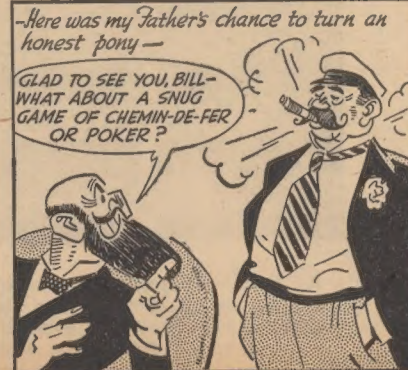
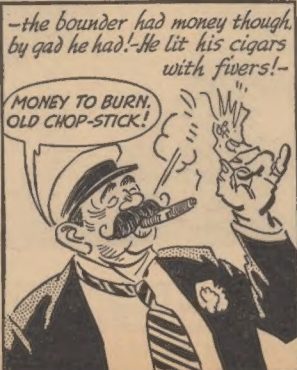
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



—the bounder had money though, by gad he had!—He lit his cigars with fivers!—

—Here was my father's chance to turn an honest pony—

—Or snap, or beggar-me-neighbour—

MONEY TO BURN, OLD CHOP-STICK!

GLAD TO SEE YOU, BILL—WHAT ABOUT A SNUG GAME OF CHEMIN-DE-FER OR POKER?

quaffed the Sharke fellow coarsely!—My father coloured beneath his beard and said smoothly—

GOOD GAD!—IT'S YOU!

ALL RIGHT, MR SHARKE—MAKE IT SNAP!!

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BILL SHARKE, OLD CELERY—PUT IT THERE!

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Good Morning

EVERY WELL-DRESSED GIRL WILL WEAR A BELT



Our globe-trotting cameraman reports that this dusky belle is an Intombi or unmarried Zulu girl. And we always thought that Zulus were brave!



THIS ENGLAND. The wonderful thing about kids is that they don't need expensive toys to be happy. Mother's clothes line tied to a friendly lamp-post makes a merry-go-round. Ring-a-ring-a-rosie needs only a little springtime in the hearts of the players and a skipping-rope is enough to convert a cobbled street into a glade in fairyland.



INTELLIGENT DOG MISTAKES "FUSE" WILSON FOR DUSTMAN! And that's not casting any aspersions at "Bijou," Tel. Roy Harding! On the contrary, we have only to look at her to know that she's a remarkable example of canine intelligence. In fact, we would have known it without this further proof!



The one way to make Mr. Lee, of Enfield, mad is to say that his home-made car is a two-horsepower job. Mrs. Lee doesn't care for that remark, either. You see, they both sit in the front seat and peddle it!



At first we couldn't make out what Paramount's Anne Shirley was sitting on. And then, in a flash, it came to us. Of course! Any gal dressed that way in a draughty film studio needs at least one seat of warmth. Naturally, she's sitting on the radiator!

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Another case of cold hands and warm heart, shall we say."

